

LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

VOLUME I.

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

NUMBER 51.

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G. W. STEBBINS,

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CHAPMAN LODGE No. 95, A F & M meets on the 3d Saturday of each month, at the Masonic Hall, Central St. between West 2d and 3d Streets.
CHARLES ILFELD, Secretary.

[From the New Mexican.]

We are indebted to Judge Shaw, of Socorro, for the official vote of that county as far as heard from. Three precincts are yet to come in, but they are known to be equally divided, and will not change the majority of Mr. Elkins. The figures are as follows:

	Elkins.	Gallegos.
Socorro,	150	80
Polyvalera,	47	1
Sabinal,	78	24
Las Nuevas,	3	30
La Jora,	99	1
La Joyita,	21	46
San Antonio,	7	94
San Marcial,	23	31
Contadero,	34	4
Paraje,	43	36
Total,	577	337

Elkins majority, 240
The returns from Limitar give Elkins twenty majority, but the number of votes polled for each was not known. It is confidently expected that the majority of Mr. Elkins will not fall short of 300.

The following is the official vote in Rio Arriba County:

Precinct No.	Elkins.	Gallegos.
1	156	1
2	168	4
3	140	0
4	47	96
5	21	93
6	82	20
7	141	43
8	91	64
9	7	38
10	26	18
11	60	1
12	66	2
13	75	3
14	74	23
15	83	129
16	40	
Total,	1,270	541

Elkins majority, 729

The official vote of Dona County gives the following majorities for the republican ticket:

For Delegate—S. B. Elkins 267.
For Senator—John B. Bail 355.
For Sheriff—Mannuel Barera 376.
For Probate Clerk—Daniel Fritze 544.
For Treasurer—Jesus Armijo 431.

The full vote for representatives is as follows: W. T. Jones 823, Jacinto Armijo 719, Paul Dowlin 209, R. B. Willison 102, Florencio Sandoval 28, J. G. Gritenden 6.

Thirty years ago Mr. William Allen of Ohio used to say that the Gulf of Mexico was the mouth of the Mississippi river, that Cuba was its tongue, and that every mouth had a right to its own tongue.

A FIGHT ON A TRAIN.

[From the Denver, (Col.) Tribune.]

The passengers on the eastern bound Kansas Pacific train, on Saturday night, enjoyed the rare opportunity of witnessing one of the fiercest fights between desperadoes and equally courageous Texans, ever witnessed upon the plains. The facts, as related by one of the railway men, last evening, are as follows:

An old drover from the far-off plains of Texas got upon the Kansas Pacific train at Ellsworth with the intention of going to Kansas City. There also got on board the train, at the same station, two of the cattle dealers, one of them a short, muscular little fellow, who plays the most prominent part in this affair. A party of three of those pestiferous thieves known to all Western railways—mule gamblers—soon made their presence known in the car next to the sleeping car, and in a few minutes had pocketed the old drover's last \$20. It was at this juncture that the above mentioned little cattle man "came out strong"—as Mark Tapley would say. He interfered in the old drover's behalf, when the monte men very arrogantly told him to mind his own business. The young man resented the hint, word led to word, and words to blows. The young cattle drover managed to put in a series of scientific sledge hammer blows, which soon sent the monte thief howling and bleeding over the seats. The other monte men joined in to take hand, when the other cattle drover met them, and, in a short time, punished them fearfully. Finding themselves beaten, they retreated at the muzzle of the cattle man's revolver to the sleeping car, and locking themselves up in the drawing room, drew their revolvers and knives and bade defiance to further attack.

A council of war was held in the front car, when it was agreed that the monte men should be permitted to hold the sleeping car until the train reached Salina, where a sheriff's posse had been telegraphed for. But this rancorment was not satisfactory to the brave little drover. He had resolved upon recovering the old man's money, and appeared to treat with contempt the knives and pistols presented at the windows of the drawing room. After washing off the blood from his face and hands, he walked boldly into the sleeping car, where the three gamblers, driven to bay, stood watch within the locked glass door. With a hug my revolver in each hand the young man dashed open the door of the den, and, pointed his cocked revolvers at the astonished gamblers, coolly demanded the old drover's money.

Finding that he was determined to have it or do worse, and seeing the passengers closing in with cocked revolvers, the gamblers gave up the money. This did not satisfy the brave young drover. He now demanded the surrender of all the knives and pistols in their possession. After some parrying the arms were given up, and the monte men held under guard until the train rolled into Salina, where a sheriff's posse awaited them with bracelets and a guard of honor.

THE WIVES OF UTAH.

According to a Salt Lake paper, Brigham Young, who, it seems, does not find it quite "all serene" at home, has determined at last upon desperate measures. The following is reported as an extract from one of his recent sermons:

"I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others and I want those who are here to tell their sisters; yes, all the women in the community. I am going to give you from this time to the 6th of October next for reformation, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them now go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things; either round up to their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world and live their religion—that is, polygamy—or they must leave for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone, rather than have scratching and fighting about me. I set all at liberty. What, first wife? Yes, I liberate you all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners. I do not want them to receive part of the truth and spurn the rest out of doors. Let every man thus treat his wives; keeping them enough to cover his body, and say to their wives, take all that I have and be set at liberty; but if you stay with me you shall comply with the law of God in every respect, and that, too, without any murmuring or whining. You must fulfill the law of God in every respect, and round up your shoulders to walk up on the mark without any grunting."

HEAD THIS.—Washington Aug. 13.—The commandant of an army post on the upper Missouri, telegraphs General Sherman that while he was on board of an annual boat chartered by the government to carry annuity and Indians goods to the Sioux nation, he discovered several suspicious looking boxes marked "hardware." He ordered them to be opened and found five thousand Sharp's breech loading rifles, fixed ammunition, and full instructions, for loading; addressed to a prominent trader among the Indians. General Sheridan orders the dispatch and adds: "The settlers are unable to obtain their common muzzle loading muskets for their protection, while the Peace Commissioners are used to aid in smuggling superior arms among the most hostile savages."

VISITOR TO MAMMA.—"I have some sad news for you my dear. Your doctor, Mr. Crossbone, died this morning."
JIMMY (one of six).—"Then we shan't have any more babies; ma shall we?"

[From Silver City Mining Life.]

THE TRIBUNE.—A new paper, made its appearance on Thursday last, in pamphlet form. In typographical appearance and mechanical execution it does credit to the publishers, Messrs Garrison & Cardnell.

The furnace has been in operation about 40 hours, during the week, and has treated nearly two tons of ore from the Two Likas, and the mill is now in the refining furnace. It is expected to be considerable over \$300 per ton.

GOOD SHIPMENT.—Last Sunday's coach took out \$4,300 in bullion. Among the lot was two bricks, from the Tennessee mill, of \$995.13 and \$884.16, coin value, respectively. These were part of the product of that mill for the preceding week.

NEW MINE.—In our wandering about the country in search of mining items, we came across a new location and append herewith the certificate or notice, posted on the monument. It seems evident that the locator has lost his grip to a very great extent.

SILVER CITY MINING DISTRICT.—August 8th 1873.—I, the undersigned, hereby claim ten feet square from all sides of the centre of the monument of Poverty, for starving purposes. To be known as the reverse of Exelsior mine. Said claim lies south of the Village Graveyard, north of the town of no money, and on the west side of everlasting darkness. Bounds marked by an empty purse and downcast look.
Witness, Time Past. W. J. M.

MILL ADDITION.—The Tennessee Reduction Company are making up their plans for an addition to their already extensive mill building, for the accommodation of two roasting cylinders and a crusher, of one breaker. This Company are taking the right steps toward the goal for which we are all striving, success, and as far as they have gone, have erected only the most substantial and improved machinery. Everything in and around the mill moves with the precision of clock work, and the whole institution is as tidy as an old maid's kitchen. The engine room, presided over by Whitehill and Harris, is fitted up with more elegance than most of our frontier dwellings, being a model of cleanliness and hung with beautiful pictures and festooned with evergreen.

Yesterday Dr. Andrews showed us a pugnet of *Fraxinus* from a Mexican, twenty five dollars. "That," said he, "along with other 'colors' from a ran of dirt. These mines have always maintained a reputation for great wealth; stories, almost fabulous have been told of them, and some of them handed down from mouth to mouth for generations would seem almost to be traditional humbugs, were it not that men who are yet living and the very common occurrence of Mexicans bringing in gold from there, attest the veritable existence of the precious metal in great abundance mixed with the gravel and sands of the valleys of that section. Santa Fe is completely girdled with rich rocks and diggings; and before long they will come to light in all their glory, unraveling the mystery for building the capital city among the rocks and barren hills, and firmly establishing the reasons for the Spanish occupancy of the country and the wars which took to hold it.—*New Mexican.*

A News reporter has had an interview with Senator P. C. Armijo, one of the great sheep raisers of New Mexico and during the conversation he related an incident of a man who three years ago, purchased 4,000 head of sheep from Armijo & Baca at the low price of \$2 each. To day that man has 20,000 sheep, worth \$40,000, to say nothing of the enormous profits accruing from the sale of wool during that time. And again he demon strated the profits accruing from the purchase of 5,000 head. A man buys this number, and in six months he finds himself possessed of 10,000 sheep, one-half of the 2,000 being ewes and the other wethers. Here is an increase of one hundred per cent. in six months in natural increase. The fleeces on the 5,000 head will be worth fifty cents each, and the 5,000 lambs can be sheared in the fall, yielding two pounds each. This is the yield of native sheep. If they were crossed they would run as high as five pounds each. The increase of sheep is more than compound interest, twenty times compounded. Mr. Armijo says that, allowing for losses, there is no thing in the world to prevent a man from getting rich at sheep raising in five years.—*Pueblo People.*

A man in Portland married a widow. She had a fashion, which is too common among ladies who have buried a man, of giving him glowing accounts of the angelic virtues of the departed. As a prohibition law is in force down his sorrows in liquor, so he nerved his soul to a terrible revenge. One night when his wife was sleeping soundly, perhaps dreaming of the "first" victim of her charms, he arose from his bed, took a sledge hammer and deliberately raising it to his shoulder, he marched to the crave yard, and smashed the tomb of his dead rival into little bits. Now, when his wife says anything about the virtues of the dead man, he replies: "It may be all true, old gal; but he can't smash my tombstone. There's where I'm ahead."

Two citizens of Scarborough, Me., one day last week, walked from that interesting town to Portland for the purpose of burying a pint of new rum and a copy of the Scarborough Bible. This was mixing drinks with a vengeance.

A PRIVATE STILL.—The Madison Wis., Courier tells this of a revenue officer who was sent into an illicit whiskey distilling district in Kentucky. He knew illicit distilling was going on, but he could get no basis to work from. Coming to an Irishman who was tolerable drunk the officer tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "My man, do you want to make ten dollars?" "Is it ten dollars?" said Pat; "sure and I do." "Then," said the officer, "show me a private still." "I'll do the same, follow me, yer Honor." The officer followed across lots and fields to the camp of a company of soldiers that had been sent there to aid the revenue officers. The soldiers were in line—drass parade. "Do you see that red-headed man?" asked Pat pointing to one of the soldiers. "Yes," replied the officer. "He is," said Pat, "my brother." He's been in the service twelve years. He'll be corporal after a while, but he is a private still. "Ten dollars gone, and no illicit whiskey found," moralized the officer as he wended his way back to his hotel.

AN ANECDOTE OF COX AND TWAIN.—Sunset Cox tells a good story of his first meeting with Mark Twain. Mark called on Mr. Cox at the Capitol in Washington and in his card as Samuel L. Clemens. Mr. Cox, being totally unacquainted with the name, left his seat to see what the stranger wanted of him, supposing, of course, that the call was a business one. Mr. Clemens began by saying, "I called upon you on my wife's account." Mr. Cox said, "Ah," in an unlightened manner. "She told me she had sat on your knee." "On my knee?" exclaimed Mr. Cox. "Really, sir," he said, "your language is incomprehensible." "Yes," resumed Mr. Clemens; "she used to sit on your knee; she was a little girl then, and I was not there, so I'm not jealous; don't take the trouble to apologize." Here the laugh came in, explanation followed, and a pleasant acquaintance was formed on both sides.

WHO CÆSAR WAS.

At last we are finding out who Cæsar was, if not what he is. A wag tells us all about the original Jacobs, thus:
Julius Cæsar—An ancient Roman of celebrity. He advertised to the effect that he had rather be first at Rome than second in a small village. He was a man of great energy and ability. He was a general named Pompey met him in what was called the "tented field," but Pompey couldn't hold a Roman candle to Julius. We are assured, upon the authority of Patric Henry, that "Cæsar has his Brutus." The unlabeled reader of history, however, concluded that, on the contrary, Brutus rather had Cæsar.

THE SHARPEST GAME YET.—Yesterday afternoon a bare headed young man, coat off, sleeves rolled up, and pencil behind his ear, stepped into store on Jefferson avenue and said to the proprietor: "Can you lend (mentioning the name of a merchant five doors above) \$50 until four o'clock?" The merchant said he could, having often been accommodated by the other man, and he handed the money to the young man on the supposition that he was a clerk in the employ of the other store. He did not learn that this was not the case until half past four, and then discovered that the fellow was an impostor, who left his hat and coat in a saloon on Brush street and deliberately put up the job. Several parties were hunting for the sharper last evening.

An Indian attack was made on Barila Mill station, on Wednesday of last week. As the mules were being driven into the station corral, the Indians made a dash with evident purpose of stampeding them. The people of the station were on the alert, however, and met the attack in good style. Some sharp firing took place and resulted in the retreat of the Indians, who carried off two of their numbers *hors de combat*. The boldness of the attack came with such success in spite of the gallant resistance made by George Marquis, the station keeper.—*El Paso Sentinel.*

DIDN'T FEEL LIKE TALKING.—A stranger coming up from the Central depot yesterday ran across a boy about twelve years old leaning against a dry goods box, and he asked him the way to Giswold street. The boy didn't reply, and the gentleman repeated the inquiry. Still there was no answer, and finally the stranger said: "What's the matter, but—are you deaf?" "No, I ain't deaf nor dumb either," jerked out the lad, "but dad just walloped me for a pin into Bill, and I don't feel like talking."

The German Minister of War has recently issued an order that every man subject to military service in the empire shall present himself for enrollment with a photograph of himself in his possession, duly certified to by the police or municipal authorities of the locality in which the candidate may reside.

A new and important fact in silk culture has been developed by the Acclimation Society, France, namely, that silk of varied color can be produced by feeding the silk worm on different leaves. Worms fed on vine leaves produce silk of magnificent red color. Lettuce has been found to produce an emerald green colored silk.

A Philadelphia razor-man was recently presented with a "strapping big boy."

Why are chickens liberal?—Because they give a peck when they take a grain.

Why is the early grass like a pen-knife?—Because the springs bring out the blades.

A Jersey paper describes a man as "being as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

A man who did not know for what he was nominated, found out the day after the election on inspecting his wine cellar.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?—Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

"Mother, did you ever hear sissy swearing?"

"No, my dear, what did she say?"
"Why, she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stocking to church."

A charitable Cincinnati man keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front door, so that poor people who stop to "get a bite," can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go into the house.

A young man who went West a few months ago, has only sent one letter home. It came Friday. It said, send me a wig, and his fond parents don't know whether he is married or scalped.

"I don't believe it is any use to me," said a child vaccinated, and he fell out of a window and was killed, in less than a week after."

The editor of a religious paper, which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago, says that it is a good city for a religious paper, provided Satan has three pages of it and the other page is mixed.

A militia captain, on receiving a note from a lady, requesting the "pleasure of his company," understood it as a compliment to those under his command and marched the whole of them to the lady's house.

A noted horse jockey, "Down East," was awakened one night by a violent thunder storm. Being somewhat timid, he awoke his wife with, "Wife! wife! do you suppose the day of judgment has come?" "Shut up, you fool!" was the affectionate reply. "How can the day of judgment come at night!"

A farmer lost a gimlet in the woods near Monticello, Minnesota, three years ago, and the other day cut down an iron wood tree, fast in the forks of which he found—not his gimlet, but a three-quarter inch auger! He is sorry he didn't wait a year or two longer, as a two-inch auger was just what he wanted.

The lady who tapped her husband gently with a fan at a party the other night and said, "Love it's growing late, I think we had better go home," is the same one who after getting home, shook the rolling pin under his room and said, "you infernal old scoundrel you, if ever you look at that mean, nasty, calico-faced, mackerel-eyed thing that you looked at to-night, I'll bust your head wide open."

An Irishman who got laughed at for making faces over some persimmons, retorted thus: "Ye may grin, you mutton-headed idiots, but I can lather the sowl out of the man that spit vinegar on them plums."

A farmer reading a journal to his wife, in which was the sentence, "the president was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "huzzas." "More shame for him," exclaimed the indignant and scandalized lady.